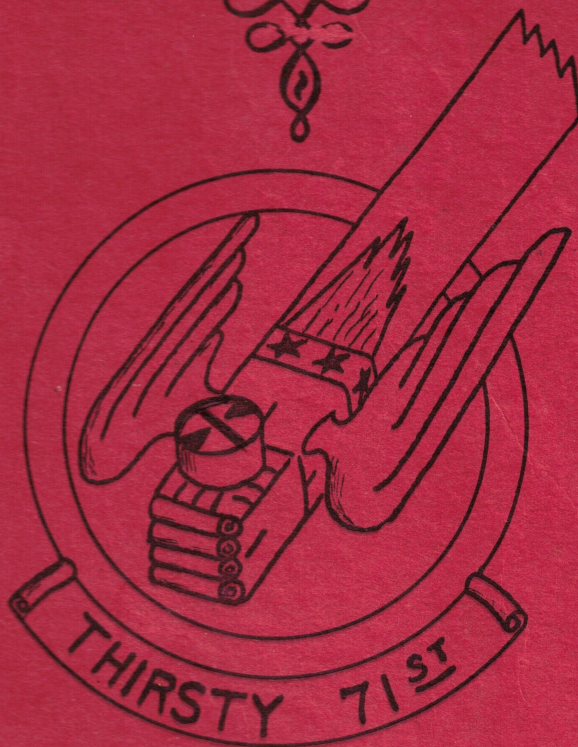


CASEY

OFFICIAL



SONG
BOOK

OH we're the thirsty 71st you've
heard so much about. The daugh-
ters lock their mothers up when
ever we're About,
We're always full of whiskey and
we're always full of booze.
Now we're the thirsty 71st, who
the hell are you.
As we go marching and the band
begins to p-l-a-y, You can hear
the people shouting, Rinkity dink,
Rinkity dink, 71st on parade.

Now who owns this club, On who
owns this club, who owns this club
the people say. We own this club,
we own this club 71st Fighter we
reply.

OLD BEER BOTTLE

It was only an old Beer Bottle
A floating o'er the foam
It was only an old Beer Bottle
A million miles from Home
In it was a message
On which these words were written
Whoever finds this bottle
Will find the beer all Gone.

BALLS

Balls, picnics, and parties
Picnics, parties, and balls
Parties and Picnics
Picnics and Parties and
BALLS BALLS BALLS

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A man without a woman is like a ship
without a sail, is like a boat with-
out a rudder
Is like a kite without a tail.
A man without a woman, is like a
wreck upon the sand
But if there's one thing worse
In this Universe -
It's a woman - I said a woman
I mean a woman without a man.

Now you can roll a silver dollar
'cross the barroom floor and it
will roll because it's round
A woman never knows what a good
man she's got until she lets him
down.
Now Honey, listen, My Honey, listen
to me -

I want you to understand
Like a silver dollar goes from
hand to hand So a woman goes from
Man to Man.

B-47 Song

Oh the B-47 flies at 40,000 feet
Oh the B-47 flies at 40,000 feet
Oh the B-47 flies at 40,000 feet
But it only carries one little
teensy-weensy bomb
BOOM!

Tens and Tens of ammunition
Tens and Tens of ammunition
Tens and Tens of ammunition
But it only carries one litte
teensy-weensy bomb
BOOM!

(Page Two)

Oh my name is Samuel Small, Bless 'em
all
Oh my name is Samuel Small, Bless 'em
all
Oh my name is Samuel Small and I'm
only nine feet tall, but 'tis Better
than none at all, Bless 'em all

Oh they say I shot a man, Bless 'em all
Oh they say I shot a man, Bless 'em all
Oh they say I shot him dead with a piece
of blessed lead.
Well I hope the beggers dead, Bless 'em
all.

Oh they say that I must swing, Bless 'em
all
Oh they say that I must swing, Bless 'em
all
Oh they say that I must swing from a
piece of blessed string, What a silly
blessed thing, Bless 'em all.

I saw Nellie in the crowd, Bless 'em all
I saw Nellie in the crowd, Bless 'em all
I saw Nellie in the crowd and she looked
so blessed proud
That I had to shout out loud,
BLESS 'EM ALL.

REFORM

Reform reform we'll reform the world
We'll reform the world from sin
Reform reform, we'll reform the world
We'll reform the world from sin.

(Page Three)

RUGGED BUT RIGHT

I just called up to tell you that I'm
rugged - but right.
A gambling and a drinking and Im drunk
every nite.
I eat a porterhouse steak 3 times a
day for my board
That's more than any high brow in this
town can afford.

I've got a big 'lectric fan to keep me
cool when I sleep.
A big handsome man to play around at
my feet.
I'm a rambling woman, a gambling we-
man - I'm drunk every night.
I just called up to tell you that I'm
rugged but right.

I'm just a brown-skinned lassie, boys,
But what do I care?
I've got a well known Chassie with a
do or die air
I've got the hips that sank the ships
of England, France, and Peru;
And if you're like Napoleon then I'm
your Waterloo.

I'll take a 15 minute intermission in
your V-8
I'd like to make it longer, But I've
got a late date
My motto's always been "Gone With The
Wind" so let's breeze it tonight
I just called up to tell you that I'm
rugged but right

Don't ever do it
I ever did it Saturday Nite

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Maury's
To the place where Louie dwells,
To the dear old temple bar we love so well
Sit the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised so high,
And the magic of their singing casts a
spell.
Yes, the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well,
"Shall I Wasting" and "Maveurneen" and
the rest.
We will serenade our Louie
While life and voice shall last,
And in passing be forgotten with the rest
We are poor little lambs who have lost
our way, Baa, baa, baa.
We are little black sheep who have gone
astray, Baa, baa, baa.
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
Dammed from here to eternity.
God have mercy on such as we,
Baa, baa, baa.

\$10,000

\$10,000 dollars sent home to the folks
\$10,000 dollars sent home to the folks
Another turbine falters another pilot
creaks.
And it's 10,000 dollars sent home to the
folks.
Oh we don't have to walk like the infan-
try, shoot like the artillery, ride like
the cavalry. We don't have to fight over
Germany, for we are in ADC.
We are in ADC, We are in ADC. Oh we don't
have to walk like the infantry, shoot like
the artillery, ride like the cavalry. We
don't have to fight over Germany
WE ARE IN ADC

BESIDE A GUINEA WATERFALL

Beside a Guinea waterfall one bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered 38 a young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree
He was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said:
I'm going to a better land where everything is right
And whiskey flows from telegraph poles
And poker every night.
There's not a single thing to do but sit around and sing
And all our crews are women----
O death, where is thy sting.
Oh death, where is thy sting a ling, a ling,
Oh death, where is thy sting---
The bells of hell will ring-a-ling, a-ling
For you but not for me.

NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
There are no fighter pilots down in hell,
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombadiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

When the 94th comes into the club
When the 94th comes into the club
They don't drink their share of suds
They just sit and flub their dubs
When the 94th comes into the club.

(Page Six)

BENT WING SABRE JET (Whiffenpoof Song)

In the sky at 40,000 where the air is bright and pure
Sat a pilot in his bent wing Sabre Jet
Now his engine was a surging and he thought the end was near
But he didn't want to buy the farm just Yet.
Now his bird dog wasn't pointing and his radar set was bent
And the JP in his tanks was going fast
So he pressed the black mike button and breathed into the air
Mayday, Mayday, Selfridge homer save my life.

I'm a peer fighter jock on a cross country S-O-S
That I'm lost you can plainly see S-O-S
Selfridge homer give me a steer, Its so lonesome 'way up here. Just get me back and I'll buy the beer
S-O-S

SPRINGTIME IN OSCODA

When it's Springtime in Oscoda
And the snow is Asshole deep,
We'll assemble all wing pilots,
And we'll have a Rocket Meet.
Bring Red drawers, snow shoes, and Hip Boots, and bring lots of suntans
Too, Cause it's bound to be next Summer 'fore you see the sky turn blue.
We will snatch these darts till sundown
Watch that Bastards break again,
We'll be home in late October,
Keep Per Diem rolling in.

(Page Seven)

'Twas Saturday nite in an old mining town,
 Jakes bar room was merry and gay,
 While far from the laughter a mother did want,
 For Pop to come home with his pay.
 What's keeping dear father, Why doesn't he come,
 The daughter exclaimed through tears.
 The mother replied, I'm sadly afraid
 Your father has stopped for some beer---Oh---Oh---, the doors swing in,
 And the doors swing out,
 Where some pass in and others pass out,
 Your father, I fear, has his nose in the beer,
 Behind these swinging do-o-o-o-rs,
 Behind these swinging doors.
 Oh, I shall go fetch him the daughter declared,
 He shan't bring disgrace to our name,
 Then straight-way she ran to the corner saloon,
 To save her poor father from shame.
 Dear father, dear father, come home with me now
 The clock in the steeple strikes two,
 Dear mother is waiting the rent must be paid,
 Don't spend all your money for brew---Oh--- Oh--- the doors swing in,
 The doors swing out,
 Where some pass in and others pass out
 Through the smoke and the haze, There stood Pop in a daze
 Behind these swinging do-o-o-o-rs,
 Behind these swinging doors.
 Each Saturday night at the corner saloon
 The miners come in with their gold
 And father blows in all his wages for gin,
 And Nellie goes home in the cold
 Dear mother she wailed, my mission I failed,
 My father will ne'er mend his ways.
 The mother exclaimed, we'll suffer the shame,
 It's always the woman who pays--- Oh--- Oh--- the doors swing in
 And the doors swing out
 Where some pass in and others pass out.
 This story is told of a fool and his gold
 Behind these swinging do-o-o-o-rs
 Behind these swinging doors.

PUSAN U

We were rearing around the country side
 T'was down near Pusan Bay
 We stepped into a bar
 Just to pass the time away
 I met a girl who said "How'd Do"
 She hailed from old Chin Ju
 I asked here what her school was
 She said "OH PUSAN U"

CHORUS:

Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
 The finest school in all the land
 The University that's grand
 Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
 I hail my Alma Mater, To you
 Oh Pusan U

I joined the Coeds in that school
 T'was built by Kim Pac Su
 From old used honey buckets
 So they named it Pusan U
 The smell it was terrific but
 I struggled right on through
 So now I lift this glass to
 The school of PUSAN U.

CHORUS:

I saw a girl most beautiful
 She was a sight to view
 She won a beauty contest
 And was crowned "Miss Pusan U"
 They spotted her in Hollywood
 Now she's a star there too
 When asked to what she owes her fame
 She says "Oh PUSAN U"

CHORUS:

✓
COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come on and join the Air Force, We're a
happy bunch they say.
We never do a lick of work, Just sit
around all day.
While others work and study hard and
seen grew old and blind.
You take to the air without a care and
you will never mind.

CHORUS:

You'll never mind, you'll never mind
Come on and join the Air Force
And you will never mind.

You're flying over the ocean you hear
your engine spit.
You see your prop come to a stop the
Goddam engine quit.
The ship can't float and you can't swim
and the shore is far behind.
What a tasty dish for the crabs and fish
and you will never mind.

CHORUS:

You run into a Zero he shoots you down
in flames.
But you don't get excited and call the
bastard names.
Just shove the stick toward the ground
and pretty soon you'll find
There is no hell and all is well and
you will never mind.

CHORUS:

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COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE (C)

You take her up and spin her and, with
an awful tear
You find yourself without your wings
Oh, you will never care.
For in about two minutes another pair
you'll find
There ain't no hell and all is well
And you will never mind.

CHORUS:

Come on and get promoted and high as
you desire.
You're riding on the gravy train When
You're an Air Force filier.
But just when you're about to be a
General you'll find.
The engine coughs and the wings fall
off and you will never mind.

CHORUS:

UNCLE GEORGE AND AUNTIE MABEL

✓
Uncle George and Auntie Mabel,
~~fast~~ at the breakfast table.
This should be sufficient warning,
never do it in the morning.
Ovaltine has set them right,
now they do it every night.
Uncle George is hoping soon,
to do it in the afternoon.
Uncle George is hoping soon,
to do it in the afternoon.

Don't give me a P-38
with props that counter rotate
She'll loop, roll, and spin But she'll
seen auger in Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS

Just make me Operations Way out there
on some lonely atoll For I'm too young
to die I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-39
With an allison mounted behind
Etc Etc Etc

CHORUS

Don't give me an ole thunderjug
The ship that lands with a thud
Etc Etc Etc

CHORUS

Don't give me a P-51
The ship that's built just for fun
Etc Etc Etc

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-80A
With ailerons that lock every day
Etc Etc Etc

CHORUS

Don't give me an ole Thunderjet
The ship with no prop pitch to set
Etc Etc Etc

CHORUS

(Page Twelve)

Twas a cold winter evening,
the quests were all leaving,
O'Riley was closing the bar;
When he turned and he said
to the lady in red,
"Get out, you can't stay where you are"

She shed a large tear
in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead;
When a gentleman dapper
stepped out of the phone booth
And these are the words that he said,

"Her Mother never told her
The things a young girl should know,
About the ways of Air Force men
And how they come and go".

"Age has taken her beauty
And fate has left her its scar
So remember your Mothers and Sisters,
boys,
And let her sleep under the bar".

TING A LING, A LING, LING

Ting a ling, a ling, ling
blew it out your pitot tube
Ting a ling, a ling, ling
blew it out your pitot tube
Ting a ling, a ling, ling
blew it out your pitot tube
Better days are coming bye and bye

OH SELFRIDGE TOWER
(Birmingham Jail)

Oh Selfridge tower I'm coming in
south of the active augering in
This is a major form 14 required
tell Col Lew I'm sorry He'll probably
get fired.

AIR FORCE "801"
(Wabash Cannon Ball)

Listen to the rumble, oh hear old G-E re
I'm flying over Selfridge, Like I never
flew before
Hear the mighty rush of the tailpipe
And hear old G-E mean
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and here
it gets me home.

Hello Samworth tower, this is Air Force
801

I'm turning on the down wind leg
My engine has everrun
My tailpipes overheated, the gage says
100-1
You better call the crash crew, and get
them on the run.

Air Force 801, from your friendly
Samworth tower
I can not call the crash crew
Cause this is coffee hour
Your not cleared in the pattern
Now that is plain to see
So take it on around again, we have some
VIP.

Hello, Samworth tower, this is Air Force
801.

I'm Turning on the down wind leg, I see
your biscuit gun
My engine's runnin rough, and my bukets
gonna blow
I'm gonna buy a Sabre, so look out down
below.

Hello, Samworth tower, this is Air Force
801

I'm turning on the finaal, and runnin on
one lung
I'm gonna land this Sabre, no matter what
you say
I gotta get my charts fixed up before
that judgement day.

"801" (Continued)

Air Force 801, this is judgement day
You're in Pilot's Heaven and you are
here to stay
You just bought a Sabre, and you bought
it well
The famous Air Force 801 was sent
straight down to Hell.

ADC PILOT'S LAMENT
(This old house)

ADC's got General Partridge,
SAC's got Curt LeMay,
TAC and CRIENTAF get the glory
while we pull alert all day.
Scramble ulcers get the weakest,
grey wall virus gets the rest.
Try to take a short vacation;
General Partridge pulls a test.

CHORUS:

I ain't gonna need my wife no longer,
ain't gonna see my kids no more,
Ain't got time to go to finance,
can't get near the liquer store.
All my golf clubs gettin rusty,
and my game has gone to hell.
All I do is sit and wait fer:
General Patty's scramble bell.

We take off into the darkest
in the rain and sleet and snow.
We go on a scramble vector
of controllers in the know.
There ain't really nethin to it
fer our mission we all know.
General Patty's right behind us
with his motto "GO GO GO".

CHORUS:

A young fighter pilot lay dying,
The medics had left him for dead.
Around him the women were crying,
And these are the words that he said:

Take the tailpipe out of my stomach,
Take the turbine out of my brain,
from the small of my back take the
compressor,
And assemble the unit again.

CHORUS:

For we are the boys who fly high in the
sky,
besom buddies while beezin.
We are the boys they send out to die
besom buddies while beezin.

Up in 10th AF they sing and they shout
talking of things they know nothing about

CHORUS:

OH MY GOSH ✓

Oh my gosh we've all done wrong
we've all been drunk for so gosh darn
long
that we don't give a Jesus if it rains,
or freezes
let the old man say what he gosh darn
pleases
we've a bunch of shysters
a bunch of booze heisters
Fighter pilots all.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

If all little girls were like sheep in the
pasture
And I was a ram I'd make 'em run faster

CHORUS

So roll your leg over, oh roll your leg
ever
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

If all little girls were like little
white rabbits
And I was a hare I'd teach em bad habits

CHORUS

If all little girls were like little
white flowers
And I was a bee I would buzz em for hours

CHORUS

If all little girls were like fish in the
ocean
And I was a whale I'd teach em the motion

CHORUS

If all little girls were like little
white chickens
And I was a reester I'd give em the
dickens

CHORUS

If all little girls were like little
ele turtles
And I was a turtle I'd get in their
girdles

WE WILL ABORT AGAIN

Oh come all ye pilots to our rocket meet,
We will abort again.
Alo to the west and a low to the east,
We will abort again.

CHORUS

We will-a, we will-a, we will abort
We will-a, we will-a, we will abort
We will abort, we will abort,
We will abort again.

We waited two months for the weather to
clear, We will abort again.
We sat at the club and we slopped up
our beer, We will abort again.

CHORUS

Away went the weather and out came the
sun, We will abort again.
The pilots were ready to make their one
run, We will abort again.

CHORUS

The Colonels and the Generals went out
for a look, We will abort again.
The tow ship got airborne and dropped the
damned hook, We will abort again.

CHORUS

The dart crew was ready that cold wind
day, We will abort again.
The wind came along, blew our new dart
away, We will abort again.

CHORUS

WE WILL ABORT AGAIN (CONT'D)

When finally they got that dart into the
air, We will abort again.
Hersefly teek a look, and the dart wasn't
there, We will abort again.

CHORUS

The dart drawn on paper looks good to
the eye, We will abort again.
According to Orville the dammed thing
wouldn't fly, We will abort again.

CHORUS

We abandoned the dart with the greatest
aplomb, We will abort again.
Sent two thousand miles for the Newcastl
Bomb, We will abort again.

CHORUS

MARY ANN McCARTY

Mary Ann McCarty, she went down to dig
some clams,
Mary Ann McCarty, she went down to dig
some clams,
Mary Ann McCarty, she went down to dig
some clams,
But she didn't get a God Damna clam - Sam

CHORUS

All that Mary get was eysters;
All that Mary get was eysters,
All that Mary get was eysters,
But she didn't get a God Damna clam - Sam

Oh she sifted half the sand from up in
San Francisco Bay,
Oh she sifted half the sand from up in
San Francisco Bay,
Oh she sifted half the sand from up in
San Francisco Bay,
But she didn't get a God Damna clam - Sam

CHORUS

(Page Nineteen)

Drink, drink, drink, drink,
 Drank, drank, drank, drank,
 Drunk last night, drunk the night before,
 Gonna get drunk tonight like I never got
 drunk before,
 For when I'm drunk I'm happy as can be,
 For I am a member of the Souce family,

Now the Souce family is the best family,
 That ever came over from old Germany,
 There's the Highland Dutch and the Low
 Land Dutch,
 The Rotterdam Dutch and the God Damn Dutch.
 Sing Glorious, Glorious, One keg of beer
 for the four of us.
 Glory be to God that there are no more of
 us,
 For one of us could drink it all alone -
 damn near.

HUMORESQUE

Passengers will please refrain
 From flushing toilets while the train
 Is standing in the station, we thank you
 As we're dashing through the park
 And goosing statues in the dark
 If Sherman's Horse can take it
 Why can't you.

So you're the guy that did the pushin'
 Put the wet spots on the cushion
 Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
 Ever since you met my Nellie
 She's had trouble with her belly
 Wish to Christ you'd never come to town.

In ancient days there lived a maid
 Who used to ply a worthy trade
 For she was always being laid-
 By the public of Jerusalem-
 High He Kathusalem, the daughter of
 Jerasalem
 High He Kathusalem, the daughter of
 the rabbi.

When he was just a little shit
 He used to bite his mothers tit
 And masturbate a little bit
 This bastard from Jerusalem
 High He -----

Next deer there lived a fucking fool
 Who with his teel could lift a mule
 He were no pants- to keep it cool
 The bastard from Jerusalem
 High He -----

One day he had her on the run
 A sheetin like a gatling gun
 He layed the seed, the son of a gun
 This bastard from Jerusalem
 High He -----

He layed her cunt upon the stump
 The bastard took a running jump
 He missed the cunt and split the stump
 This bastard from Jerusalem
 High He -----

The ancient maid now knew her part
 To lift her leg and let a fart
 And blew him like a bloody dart
 On the walls of old Jerusalem
 High He -----

Twas at the old J. B.
 Where the bullshit lies thick
 Where the boys are all gamblers
 And play with their pricks
 It was here that I met her
 The one I adore
 That clapped - up, old pig fucking,
 Cocksucking where.

She's dirty, she's filthy,
 She fucks on the street
 Whenever you meet her
 She's always in heat
 She's dirty, she's filthy,
 She's covered with sores
 Just like the rest of the J. B. whores.

Nellie Darling

Your ass is like a stove pipe Nellie
 darling,
 And the nipples of your tits are turning
 green,
 There's an odor of blue ointment round
 your pussy
 You're the ugliest bitch that I have
 ever seen
 There's a yard of lip protruding from
 your navel
 And when you piss, you piss a stream as
 green as grass
 There's enough wax in your ears to make
 a candle
 So kindly make one dear and shove it up
 your ass.

GOOD GRIEF!

When you wake up in the morning
 and your heart is full of joy,
 And your wife has got the rag on
 and your eldest daughters coy,
 Just shove it up the asshole
 of your fattest baby boy,
 as we revel in the joy of an occasion

CHORUS:

Cats on the reef tops cats on the tiles
 Cats with the syphilis cats with the pile
 Cats with their ass holes reamed in smile
 As we revel in the joy of an occasion

New the Bea-Constrictor so it seems,
 very seldom has wet dreams
 but when he does he comes in streams,
 as we revel in the joy of an occasion.

CHORUS:

New the elephant is a very funny bloke,
 he very seldom gets a poke,
 but when he does he lets it soak
 as we revel in the joy of an occasion.

CHORUS:

BYE BYE CHERRY

Back your ass against the wall
 Here I come balls and all
 Bye Bye Cherry
 I ain't got a helluva lot
 But what I got will fill your twat
 Bye Bye Cherry
 Wrap your legs around me a little tighter
 Make my lead come out a little lighter
 Shake your ass and wiggle your tits
 Till my big John Henry spits
 Bye Bye Cherry

END OF THE MONTH

You can tell by the smell
That she isn't feeling well
When the end of the month rolls around

You can tell by the stink
That she isn't in the pink
When the end of the month rolls around

There's a spot on the bed
Where her little pussy bled
When the end of the month rolls around

For it's Hi, Hi, Hee
In the Kotex industry
Shout out your sizes strong
Junior - Regular - Super
For where ere you go
You will always know
When the end of the month rolls around

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley - siftin' cinders,
Lifted up her leg and she farted like
a man,
Wind from her bloomers, broke six
windows,
Cheeks of her ass went
BAM, BAM, BAM.

PISS ON THE 94TH

Let's all go down and piss on the 94th,
Piss on the 94th, piss on the 94th,
Let's all go down and piss on the 94th,
They can't fly (and/or drink) for shit.

EARLY ABORT

Oh, my name is Col Lewis, I'm the leader of
the group
Just step into my briefing room, I'll give
you all the peep
I'll tell you where the bogies are and how
to dodge the flak
I'll be the last one to take off, the first
one to get back.

CHORUS:

Early abort, avoid the rush
Early abort, avoid the rush
Early abort, avoid the rush for better
days are coming bye and bye

New we'll all line up and take off and set
our course at ten
And when we reach ole Sylvia we'll all turn
back again
We'll call the tower and get a steer, we
don't know where we've been
Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and
belly in

CHORUS:

Oh we fly these bent wing sabres at a
hundred bloody feet
We can fly them in the rain and fog and in
the bloody sleet
We think we're flying bloody high, instead
we're bloody low
And we hit the marker beacon such an
awful bloody blow

CHORUS:

PARTIES MAKE THE WORLD GO ROUND
Parties make the world go round,
Parties make the world go round,
Parties make the world go round
So lets have a party.

SCOTCH WEDDING

Twas the gathering of the clan
and all the lads were there.
A grabbin all the lassies
and friggin without a care.

CHORUS:

Singing I do you last nit I do you new
The man that had you last nit cannot
have you new.

Ol the village idoit he was there
a makin quiet the fool
A pullin his foreskin over his head
and whistlen thru his tool.

CHORUS:

There was a friggin in the barley
a friggin in the oats
Some were friggin sheep and
Some were a friggin goats

CHORUS:

Ol the parson's daughter she-was there
a sittin down in front
A wreath of roses round her head
and a carrot up her cunt

CHORUS:

There was a friggin in the hay left
a friggin in the ricks
You could not hear the music for
the swisling of the pricks

CHORUS:

Ol the village smithy he was there
his hammer and his awls
A talking to his lady friends
and showing off his balls.

CHORUS:

There was a friggin in the hall way.
A friggin on the stairs
You could not see the carpit
for the curly pubic hairs.

CHORUS:

Ol the parsons wife she was there
she had them all in fits
A bouncin off the mantle piece
and landin on her tits.

CHORUS:

Ol the bride was in the parlor
explaining to the groom
The vagina not the rectum
is the entrance to the womb.

CHORUS:

Ol when the ball was over
they all went home to rest
They said they liked the music
but the friggin was the best.

CHORUS:

LAVORATORY MAN

Dan, Dan the lavoratory man
Chief Engineer of the public can
He brings in the papers
He brings in the towels
He listens to the rumble of everybodys
bowels

Down Down beneath the ground
the big fat shit comes tumbleing down
Flip Flop hear it flop
I got the shithouse blues.

Put on your old grey bustle and get out and
hustle
For tommorow the rent is coming due
Put your ass in the clover, let the boys
look it over
If you can't get 5 take 2

Put on those old pink panties that used
to by your aunties
And will go for a tuscule in the Hay
Now there's no use ducking, cause you're
going to get a fucking
In the good old fashion way.

Put on your old grey corsit, if it won't
fit, force it
For the 71st is coming in today
While the bees are making honey, let your
ass be making money
In the good old fashion way

Put on that old blue Ointment to the crabs
disappointment
And take a shower once or twice a day
Though it burns and it itches, it will
kill these sons of bitches
In the good old fashioned way.

FOUR LEAF CLOVER

I'm overshooting the same damned runway
That I overshot before,
First time I tried it I went around,
Second time I tried it I flew in the
ground,
I've checked out lately in this fine
SABRE
That I'd like to fly somemore,
But I'm overshooting the same damned
runway
That I overshot before.

MARY ANN BURNS

Marv Ann Burns was the queen of all the
acrobats
She could do tricks that would give a cat
the shits
She could blow green peas from her
fundamental orifice
Do a backward somersalt and catch em on
her tits
She's a great big son of a bitch twice the
size of me.
With hair on her ass hole like the
branches on a tree.
She could fight, fish, swim, fuck, fly a
plane or drive a truck.
Mary Ann Burns is a'gonna marry me.

DEDICATED TO HOG HAVEN

Det O steering Det
I wanta go where you are
Help my RO please
He's missed it 3 times so far

We thought a flight of hogs
would win this meet
But these Sabre Boys just
plowed us under

Hello Rocket Ops
Please register our protest now
Cause this Scorpion handles
Just like a cow
Sabre boys out run us,
Drink
Sing
Then out gun us
Det O Steering Det
I wanta knew where you are

LAY YOUR LEG OVER

Was a dark stormy night come a creepin
come crawlin Lay Over

Was a dark stormy night come creepin
come crawlin

She snored and said "Come to me my darlin
Lay Over Lay Over leg over once more

Your drawers are tight and I cannot undo
them Lay Over

Your drawers are tight and I cannot undo
them

She snored and said "Just take your knife
to them"

Lay Over Lay your leg over once more.

I ain't had a knife since I can remember
Lay Over

I ain't had a knife since I can remember
She snored and said "There's a knife in
the winder

Lay Over Lay your leg over once more.

I took that knife and I ripped them
asunder Lay Over

I took that knife and ripped them
asunder

And then I got to her like lightning
and thunder

Lay Over Lay your leg over once more.

The first three months she began to grow
slimmer Lay Over

The first three months she began to grow
slimmer

And then she remembered the knife in the
winder

Lay Over Lay your leg over once more.

The next three months she began for to
wonder Lay Over

The next three months she began for to
wonder

And then she remembered the lightning
and thunder

Lay Over Lay your leg over once more.

The last three months come a cryin come
squawlin Lay Over

The last three months come a cryin come
squawlin

And then she remembered the creepin and
crawlin

Lay Over Lay your leg over once more.

MY GRANDFATHER'S COCK

My grandfather's cock was too long for
his slacks.

So it drug ninety years on the floor.
It was longer by half than the old man
himself.

Though it weighed not a penny weight more.
It was found on the morn of the day that
he was born.

And was always his pleasure and pride,
But it drooped,

Wilted

Never to rise again

When the old man died.

Ninety years without limbering,
what a cock!

What a cock!

His pieces of ass numbering,

What a cock!

What a cock!

But it drooped

Wilted

Never to rise again

When the old man died.

O'RILEY'S BAR

As I was sittin in O'Riley's Bar
Listening to the tales of Blood and
slaughter
Came a thought into my mind
Why not shag O'Riley's daughter
Fiddely I E, Fiddely I O
Fiddely I E For the one ball Riley
Rig a Jig Jig balls and all
Rub A Dub Dub shag on

I grabbed that she bitch by the ass
Then I threw my left leg over
Shagged and shagged and I shagged some
more
Shagged until the fun was 'er

CHORUS:

There came a knock upon my door
Who should it be but her god damned
father
Two horse pistols by his side
Lookin for the guy who shagged his
daughter

CHORUS:

I grabbed that bastard by the neck
Shoved his head in a pail of water
Rammed these pistols up his ass
A damned sight further than I shagged
his daughter

CHORUS:

As I was walking down the street
People shout from every corner
There goes that Son of a Bitch
The guy who shagged O'Riley's Daughter

CHORUS:

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MOTHER O'REILLY

Mother O'Reilly awoke with a fright
She said faith and begery I must have a
shit
Enough of this farting it must have come
to pass
So she opens the window and outs with her
ass
It was brown brown dirty old brown

New a daper young copper was walking his
beat
You could tell he was flat feet by the
sound of his feet
When faith and per chance he looked upon
the sky
And the dirty old turd hit him right in
the eye
It was brown brown dirty old brown

New this daper young copper he cursed and
he swore
And he called mother O'Reilly a dirty old
where.
And round London Bridges this copper now
sits
With a sign round his neck I was blinded
by shit
It was brown brown dirty old brown

SWEET ANTOINETTE

Sweet Antoinette, your pants are wet
You say it's sweat, it's piss I'll bet
In all my dreams, your bare ass gleams
You're the wrecker of my pecker
Sweet Antoinette

Take down your service flag mother
Your son's not going overseas
Take down your service flag mother
Your son's in ADC

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MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes rum in the bathtub
My mother makes two kinds of gin
My sister makes love for a living
My God! How the money rolls in

Rolls in - Rolls in - My God! How the
money rolls in rolls in
Rolls in - Rolls in - My God! How the
money rolls in rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves little girlies from sin
He'll save you a blond for 5 dollars
My God! How the money rolls in

CHORUS:

My father, he died in the bathtub
My mother she died of her gin
My sister she married my brother
My God! How the money rolls in

CHORUS:

INDIAN MAID

There once was an Indian Maid
Who learned a dirty trade
She'd lay on her back for a quarter a
whack
and let the cowboys shove it up her
crack.

And then one day to her surprise
Her belly began to rise
And out of her cunt
Came a little brown runt with his ass
between his eyes.

COLUMBO

In fourteen hundred and ninety-Two
A dago from I-taly,
Went roaming down the streets of Spain,
A'yilling hot temale.

CHORUS:

He swung his balls around-o
Until they touched the ground-o
This hiefer-mating, masturbating,
Son-of-a-bitch Columbo

He went to Queen Isabella
He asked for ships & cargo
He said I'll be a son-of-a-bitch,
If I don't bring back Chicago

CHORUS:

Columbus steed up on his ship
It was a double-decker
Way up on the upper deck
A'playing with his pecker

CHORUS:

Columbus sailed across the sea
Until he sighted land
An Indian maid said no to him,
So he did it with his hand.

CHORUS:

When he sailed on back to Spain
He had no Indian lass
He'd cormhole with his old first mate
to get a piece of ass.

CHORUS:

HALLELUJAH

I headed down the runway I come upon a
ditch
I looked down at my quadrant my gosh I'm
in high pitch
The engine coughed and sputtered I
thought the end was near.
Glory, glory hallelujah how did I get here

CHORUS:

Sing Hallelujah, sing hallelujah throw a
nickel on the grass save a fighter
pilots ass,
sing hallelujah, Sing hallelujah throw a
nickel on the grass and we'll be saved

While flying o'er Korea about 550 per
I looked up at my leader, oh won't you
save me sir.
Two big flack holes in my wings my tanks
ain't got no gas
May day May day Col. Lewis
Two Mig's are on my ass
CHORUS:

While flying the traffic pattern to me
it looked alright
I made my final turn my gosh I racked it
tight
The engine coughed and sputtered I
thought the end was near
Glory glory hallelujah how did I get here
CHORUS:

Ah zig-a, zeem ba, zeem ba, zeem ba
Ah zig-a, zeem ba, zeem ba, zay
Ah zig-a, zeem ba, zeem ba, zeem ba
Ah zig-a, zeem ba, zeem ba, zay
Roll em down you zula warriors
Roll em down you zula chiefs, chiefs,
chiefs.

KOREA AND ANTUNG

Once I was happy and had a good deal
I flew 86's in Old Victorville
They asked for volunteers and said
son you will do
The next thing I knew I was in old Tegu

CHORUS:

Korea and Antung and wild, wild songing
They'll drive you apeshit they'll drive
you insane
Korea and Antung and wild, wild songing
They'll drive you apeshit they'll drive
you insane

The Ghosen was frozen and covered with
ice
From 35,000 it looked mighty nice
But ask my foot soldier he'll set you
plum straight
It's covered with Red's blood and
bedded with hate

Chorus:

The MIG is a blot on the whole human race
Aren't you a monkey to give one a chase
Here's my advice take warning dear
brother
There's fire on one end and cannons on
t'other.

PULL MY PUD

Last night I pulled my pud it did me
good I knew it would, I knew it would
Last night I pulled my pud it did me good
I knew it would, I knew it would
Smash it, Bash it, Beat it on the floor
Smite it, Bite it, thrust it thru the door
Some people think that Ariggin's good
But for personal enjoyment I will always
pull my pud. *****

It was on the good ship venus
 By God you should have seen us
 The figure head was a whore in bed
 The mast an upraised penis

The Captain's name was Gorgan
 Hey he was a Gorgan
 Twelve times a day he played a tune
 Upon his sexual organ

The First Mate's name was Andy
 Hey he was a dandy
 He soaked his balls in alcohol
 And now he's pissing brandy

The Second Mate's name was Ripper
 Hey he was a ripper
 He stroked his ass with a piece of glass
 And circumcised the skipper

The Captain's daughter was named Mabel
 He fucked when she was able
 He dirty shits they nailed her tits
 To the chartroom table

When the whiskey was spilled on the barroom
 floor
 And the place was closed for the night
 Then out of his hole crept a little grey
 mouse
 And he sat in the pale moonlight
 He lapped up the whiskey on the barroom
 floor
 And back on his haunches he sat
 And all night long you could hear him
 rear

Bring on the God Iamn cat.

Buddy buddy have a good time, stay in bed
 All half past nine, drink your drink and
 Club your dub, at Col Lewis Country Club.

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from his sexual organs
and a day he lived

First Lefeb's name was Andy
he was a body
looked like a bull in a stock
his name was Andy

Second Lefeb's name was Andy
he was a body
looked like a bull in a stock
his name was Andy

Third Lefeb's name was Andy
he was a body
looked like a bull in a stock
his name was Andy

Fourth Lefeb's name was Andy
he was a body
looked like a bull in a stock
his name was Andy

Fifth Lefeb's name was Andy
he was a body
looked like a bull in a stock
his name was Andy

Sixth Lefeb's name was Andy
he was a body
looked like a bull in a stock
his name was Andy

the name was Andy

at a good time, when in bed
and, nine, drink your drink and
dub, at Col. Lewis County, Ohio.

(Thirty Eight)

